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WITH THE BAND

BY

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

UC-NRLF
$B 167 227

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Robert William Chambers

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

To

MY FRIEND

Beverly Walden

M202380

The author acknowledges with thanks the courtesy of the publishers of Truth, Vogue, and Life, for allowing him to reprint three poems herein contained, which were first published in their respective periodicals.

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Part First

With the Band

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THE RECRUIT

SEZ Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Bedad, yer a bad 'un!
Now turn out yer toes!
Yer belt is unhookit
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabers, ye look it!
Wan — two!
Wan — two!
Ye monkey-faced divil, I 'll jolly ye through!
Wan — two! —
Time! Mark!
Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"A saint it ud sadden
To dhrill such a mug!

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Recruit

Eyes front! — ye baboon, ye! —
Chin up! — ye gossoon, ye!
Ye 've jaws like a goat —
Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!
Wan — two!
Wan — two!
Ye whiskered orang-outang, I 'll fix you!
Wan — two! —
Time! Mark!
Ye 've eyes like a bat! — can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Yer figger wants padd'n' —
Sure, man, ye 've no shape!
Behind ye yer shoulders
Stick out like two bowlders;
Yer shins is as thin
As a pair of pen-holders!
Wan — two!
Wan — two!
Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!
Wan — two! —
Time! Mark!
I 'm dhry as a dog — I can't shpake but I bark!"

The Recruit

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden :

"Me heart it ud gladden
To blacken yer eye.
Ye 're gettin' too bold, ye
Compel me to scold ye, —
'T is halt ! that I say, —
Will ye heed what I told ye ?
Wan — two !
Wan — two !
Be jabers, I 'm dhryer than Brian Boru !
Wan — two ! —
Time ! Mark !
What 's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark ! "

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden :

"I 'll not stay a gadd'n'
Wid dagoes like you !
I 'll travel no farther,
I 'm dyin' for — wather ; —
Come on, if ye like, —
Can ye loan me a quarther ?
Ya-as, you,
What, — two ?

And ye 'll pay the potheen ?
Ye 're a daisy ! Whurroo !
You 'll do ! —
Whist ! Mark !
The Rigiment 's flatthered to own ye, me spark ! ''

EILY CONSIDINE

AT the barrack gate she sits,
Eily Considine;
Now she dozes, now she knits,
While the sunshine, through the slits
In the trellised trumpet-vine,
Warms old Eily Considine, —
Warms her heart that long ago
Set the Regiment aglow!
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flamed like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine —
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the gilded sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

Eily Considine

I remember your first beau,
Eily Considine;
That was years ago, I know.
Do you ever think of Stowe—
Stowe, lieutenant in the Line—
Shot by Sioux in '59?
Do you sometimes think of Gray?
I can almost hear him say:
"Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flame like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—"
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the gilded sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

First came Fairfax of the Staff,
Eily Considine;
You forgave him with a laugh—
You're too generous by half.
Years ago he died,—'t was wine
Killed him, Eily Considine,—

Eily Considine

Killed him — 't was a death of shame,
Yet in death he cried your name !
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen ;
Lips of flame, like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine —
Is that you
Selling apples
Where the gilded sunshine dapples,
Eily Considine ?

If you wept when Fairfax left,
Eily Considine,
Surely Donaldson was deft
To console a soul bereft
In so very brief a time —
Lonely Eily Considine.
After Donaldson came Hurse :
He it was who wrote this verse :
" Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen ;
Lips that flame like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine — "

Eily Considine

Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

Santa Anna settled Hurse,
Eily Considine;
Then it went from bad to worse,
Yet, if loving was your curse,
Bless me with this curse divine,
Bless me, Eily Considine! —
Phantom dim of long ago,
Misty, faint, and sweet — I know
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flamed like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine —
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

At the barrack gate she sits,
Eily Considine;

Eily Considine

Now she dozes, now she knits,
And the sunshine, through the slits
In the trellised trumpet-vine,
Falls on Eily Considine, —
On her thin hair, silver bright;
God may wash her soul as white.
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flamed like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine —
Peace to you!
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine.

THE AWAKENING

I.

THERE 'S the trample of a host,
Like the breakers on the sand,
Like the surf upon the coast;
There 's a shock that shakes the land,
For a mighty Nation 's massing,
And the Boys in Blue are passing,
And their feet
Along the street
Drown the clashing of the band.

Cheer for the brave!
While the cannon-thunder hums,
Through the booming of the drums,
Cheer for the brave!
To-day the star-flecked banners wave
Above them.
To-morrow, over every grave,
Green pennants of the grass shall wave.
Cheer for the brave,
As you love them!

The Awakening

II.

There 's a cloud along the shore ;
From the fleet the signals flash,
As the seaward breezes roar,
And the seaward breakers dash,
Where the battle-ships are swinging,
And the jolly Jacks are singing,
As they drag
Aloft the flag
When the turret-cannon crash.

Cheer for the brave !
While the cannon-thunder hums,
Through the booming of the drums,
Cheer for the brave !
To-day the star-flecked banners wave
Above them.
To-morrow, over every grave,
Weeds of the foam-flecked sea shall wave.
Cheer for the brave,
As you love them !

THE REGIMENT PASSES

I.

CAN ye hear th' thramp av feet along the street,
Like the splashin' av the hail agin the pane? —
'T is a Rigiment a-marchin' through the sleet —
(Oh, me drummer-b'y will nivver drum again!)

'T is a Rigiment a-comin',
Wid th' wheezy dhrums a-thrummin'
An' a-buzzin' an' a-hummin',
For th' dhrums are sloppin' wet,
An' th' dhrummers wetter yet: —
Wid th' helmet-tips a-tippin',
Wid the muddy boots a-slippin',
An' the officers a-drippin' —
Sure the Colonel 's all a-soak
In his cloak!

An' I see the neighbors' childer,
Wid their cheeks agin the pane,
An' I see the little drummer-b'ys
A-dhrummin' in the rain.

The Regiment Passes

II.

Can ye see th' flags an' pennants? — no, ye can't,
For they close like mornin'-glories in the rain;
But ye see the shinin' rifles all aslant —
(Oh, me drummer-b'y will nivver drum again!)

'T is the sodgers 'll be chokin',
Wid their overcoats a-soakin'.
Oh, the Major's horse is shmokin',
For his flanks is sleek an' wet, —
But the Major 's wetter yet.
Whist! th' foggy bugles clatter,
An' the little drummers batter,
As they patter an' they spatter;
While the crowding columns crush
Through the slush!

An' I mark me neighbors' childer,
All a-laughin' through the pane,
An' I watch the little drummer-b'ys
A-dhrummin' in the rain.

The Regiment Passes

III.

Can't ye hear th' feet a-thrashin' through th' sleet?
'T is the splashin' av the rain agin the pane, —
Sure no Rigiment is marchin' up the street —
(Oh, me drummer-b'y will nivver drum again!)
Ochone!
(No, me drummer-lad will nivver come again!)

Sad old eyes are growin' dimmer —
Is it rain or tears that glimmer
Where the window-glasses shimmer? —
Years have come and gone ye say
Since me Danny marched away?
Troth 't is long he stays sojournin';
Sure it 's time he was returnin', —
If he knew his mother's yearnin',
Then he 'd buckle up his drum, —
Then he 'd come.

So I watch me neighbors' childer,
Smilin' at me through the pane —
But, oh, the little drummer-lads
A-drummin' in the rain!

THE BLACK DRAGOONS

(10TH U. S. CAVALRY)

I.

WHO shall sing of the Regiment? —
Black of body and white of soul;
Who shall unroll the golden scroll
Red with the blood of their testament?

Black Dragoons of the Regiment,
Carry the cross the Lord has sent;
Blessed are ye,
His chosen to be!
This is the Nation's punishment.

II.

Who shall sing of the Regiment? —
Steady and true in cloaks of blue;
Who shall sing of the swords they drew, —
Sabres of flame, for the innocent?

The Black Dragoons

Black Dragoons of the Regiment,
Gallop to glory and die content;
Gallop and fall
At the country's call!
This is a Nation's punishment.

III.

Who shall sing of the Regiment?
Blaze their praise from the cannon's mouth!
Sound your bugles from North to South!
Rumble the drums of a continent!

Black Dragoons of the Regiment,
Never in vain your blood was spent,
Showering the sod
At the word of God.
Great is the Nation's punishment.

THE TROOP-SHIP SAILS

I.

IS it good-by,
My lad?
No, — I 'll not cry.
Has the time come?
The bugle call from the sea-wall,
The tap of drum?
My tears are dry.

Rest your head here,
My lad,
Close to me, dear.
Why do you stare?
Have pain and care made me less fair?
Are my lips white with fear?
Hark! how they cheer
Down in the Square there!

The Troop-Ship Sails

II.

What do they care,
My lad,
For this brown hair
That I love so?
Their drum's long roll will crush my soul —
Ah, God! — don't go! —
I cannot bear —

There, — I'll be still,
My lad,
Truly I will;
My tears are spent.
Which Regiment will next be sent?
Does every bullet kill?
Hold me until
The call is urgent!

III.

Who spoke your name,
My lad?
The summons came
Out of the crowd!

The Troop-Ship Sails

Oh, hold me, lad! fold me, lad!
Their flag 's a shroud
To bury shame!

Have they begun,
My lad?
See! the troops run!
Your eyes are wet;
You are so quiet; is there time yet?
God! it 's the signal gun!
Kiss me; — just one.
Run with your musket!

WHEN CUSTER RODE INTO THE WEST

I.

OH, many 's th' sodger that sought her,—
I sparked her meself fur th' fun, —
Sweet Tessie, the Farrier's daughter;
She 'd listen to nary a one,
No-o-o!
She 'd listen to nary a one,
Not even to Bandmaster Dunn,
Not even to Dacy,
Nor Corporal Casy,
Nor Trumpeter Lacy, the son-av-a-gun;
Till Burke of the 7th came by,
When Custer rode into the West,
'T was a smile an' a sigh
An' a blush, an' "Good-by!"
And she tossed him the rose at her breast.
Then "March!" came the cry,
An' the guidons flapped high,
An' Custer rode into the West.

When Custer rode into the West

II.

Now woe to the troopers av Custer,
And woe to the horses they guide,
An' sorra the day that they muster,
An' sorra the day that they ride!
Oh-h-h!
An' sorra the day that they ride!
Sweet Tessie, the Farrier's pride,
Is sighing an' ailing,
An' drooping an' failing
An' paling as pale as the rose at her side,
For rumors is runnin' about,
Since Custer rode into the West;
Some say it 's a rout, —
Stout hearts are in doubt;
An' Tessie's head falls on her breast.
Then, sudden! — a Government scout
Rides up wid a curse an' a shout,
That Custer lies dead in the West!

III.

Ye 've read of the battle an' slaughter;
Ye 've heard how the cavalry died;
Have ye read how the Farrier's daughter

When Custer rode into the West

Died wrapped in the robes of a bride?
Oh-h-h!
Died wrapped in the robes av a bride,—
Sweet Tessie, the Regiment's pride?
We found her a-kneelin'
To Heaven appealin'
Cold, dumb, widout feelin', a rose by her side,
An' Burke of the 7th we found,
Where Custer lay dead in the West,
Around him a mound
Of Sioux on the ground,
An' a rose hid the wound in his breast.
Oh, wirra, the day
That he galloped away,
When Custer rode into the West!

TAPS.

Sound, trumpet, sound!
Taps for the chaps
That we put underground,
Taps for the trooper,
And taps for the bride
By his side:
Sound, trumpet, sound!

SERGT. PETER BRANNIGAN

I.

SERGEANT Peter Brannigan,
He 's joost as good as any man
Who spoorts the arrmy blue!
He poonched the head av Hannigan;
His bull-pup chewed the bull-pup up
Av that Dootch paythan, Gustav Krupp, —
Be all th' Saints it 's thrue!
Ye have the affydavy av
Chief-Trumpeter O'Flannagan,
An' that 's enough fur you!

Oh, Sergeant Peter Brannigan
Ye broke the head av Hannigan,
To the glory av the arrmy
An' the men that wears the blue!
Yer bull-pup chewed the bull-pup av
Thot paythan Dootchman, Big Gustav,
So here 's good luck to you!

Sergeant Peter Brannigan

Chief-Trumpeter O'Flannagan,
His sintiments to you man,
To Sergeant Peter Brannigan,
The man thot spoorts the blue!

II.

Sergeant Peter Brannigan,
He 's joost as good as any man
That drinks wid me or you!
He drank the feet off Hannigan;
An', can for can an' sup for sup,
He drank more beer than Gustav Krupp!
Be all th' Saints it 's thrue!
Ye have the affydavy av
Chief-Trumpeter O'Flannagan,
An' that 's enough fur you.

Oh, Sergeant Peter Brannigan,
Ye 've broke the heart av Hannigan,
To the glory av the arrmy
An' the men that wears the blue!
Ye desolate the bar-room av
Thot paythan Dootchman, Big Gustav,
So now he swears by you!

Sergeant Peter Brannigan

Chief-Trumpeter O'Flannagan,
He 'll shtick to you fur thrue, man,
To Sergeant Peter Brannigan,
The lad thot spoorts the blue !

III.

Sergeant Peter Brannigan,
He 's joost as good as any man,
He knows a thing or two !
He kissed the wife av Hannigan ;
He winks his eye an' braces up
To thot Dootch colleen, Minna Krupp !
Be all th' Saints it 's thrue !
Ye have the affydavy av
Chief-Trumpeter O'Flannigan,
An' that 's enough fur you !

Oh, Sergeant Peter Brannigan,
Ye flirt wid Mrs. Hannigan,
To the shame av all the arrmy
An' the men that wears the blue !
Ye kiss the purty kisser av
Th' Dootch colleen av Big Gustav, —
She 's joost the wife fur you !

Sergeant Peter Brannigan

Chief-Trumpeter O'Flannagan,
He 'll stand wid you as best man,
He 'll shtick to Sergeant Brannigan,
The man thot spoorts the blue !

THE "GREY HORSE TROOP"

(2D CAVALRY)

I.

ALL alone on the hillside, —
Larry an' Barry an' me;
Nothin' to see but the sky an' the plain,
Nothin' to see but the drivin' rain,
Nothin' to see but the painted Sioux,
Galloping, galloping: "Whoop — whurroo!
The divil in yellow is down in the mud!"
Sez Larry to Barry, "I 'm losin' blood."

"Cheer for the Greys!" yells Barry;
"Second Dragoons!" groans Larry;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Egan's Grey Troop!
Whoop! ye divils, — ye 've got to whoop!
Cheer for the troopers who die: sez I, —
"Cheer for the troop that never shall die!"

The "Grey Horse Troop"

II.

All alone on the hillside, —
Larry an' Barry an' me;
Flat on our bellies an' pourin' in lead, —
Seven rounds left, an' the horses dead;
Barry a-cursin' at every breath;
Larry beside him as white as death;
Indians galloping, galloping by,
Wheelin' an' squealin' like hawks in the sky!

"Cheer for the Greys!" yells Barry;
"Second Dragoons!" groans Larry;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Egan's Grey Troop!
Whoop! ye divils, ye've got to whoop!
"Cheer for the troopers who die:" sez I, —
"Cheer for the troop that never shall die!"

III.

All alone on the hillside, —
Larry an' Barry an' me;
Two of us livin' an' one of us dead: —
Shot in the head, and, God! — how he bled!

The "Grey Horse Troop"

"Larry 's done up," sez Barry to me;
"Divvy his cartridges! — quick! gimme three!"
While nearer an' nearer an' plainer in view,
Galloped an' galloped the murderin' Sioux.

"Cheer for the Greys," yells Barry;
"Cheer —" an' he falls on Larry.
Alas! alas! for Egan's Grey Troop!
The red Sioux, hovering, stoop to swoop;
Two out of three lay dead, — while I
Cheered for the troop that never shall die.

IV.

All alone on the hillside, —
Larry an' Barry an' me;
An' I fired an' yelled till I lost my head,
Cheerin' the livin', cheerin' the dead,
Swinging my cap, I cheered until
I stumbled and fell. Then over the hill
There floated a trumpeter's silvery call,
An' Egan's Grey Troop galloped up. That's all.

Drink to the Greys, — an' Barry!
Second Dragoons, — an' Larry!

The "Grey Horse Troop"

Here's a bumper to Egan's Grey Troop!
Let the crape on the guidons droop;
Drink to the troopers who die, while I
Drink to the troop that never shall die!

ROUTE SONG OF THE 69TH

(N. G. S. N. Y.)

I.

DRUM! Drum! Drum!
Drum! Drum! Drum!
The drummers are drummin' us dumb;
The bugles are ringin',
The rifles are swingin',
Come on, ye good people,
The bells in the steeple
Are clangin' an' bangin',
As nivver ye see!
Tramp along, stamp along,
Marching, eight hundred strong,
Sing the ould marchin' song!
Roar us the chorus,
Drummers an' trumpeters,
Swinging before us,
Clashing an' crashing,
"The Widdy McCree!"

Route Song of the 69th

II.

Drum ! Drum ! Drum !
Drum ! Drum ! Drum !
The drummers are drummin' us dumb ;
The helmets are glancin',
The horses are prancin',
Thot bally ould stager,
The haughty Drum-major,
Is fangled an' spangled,
As nivver ye see !
Ready, then ! Steady, then !
Sixty-ninth riflemen,
Sing the ould song again :
Roar us the chorus,
Cymbals an' trumpeters,
Tramping before us,
Clashing an' crashing,
"The Widdy McCree!"

III.

Drum ! Drum ! Drum !
Drum ! Drum ! Drum !

Route Song of the 69th

The drummers are drummin' us dumb;
The flags are a-flapping,
The purty girls clapping,
From window an' gutter
The handkerchiefs flutter,
Such futther an' mutther,
Ye nivver did see.
Shoulder to shoulder then!
Sixty-ninth riflemen,
Sing the ould song again!
Roaring the chorus,
Big drums an' little drums,
Rolling before us,
Clashing an' crashing,
"The Widdy McCree!"

Drum! Drum! Drum!
Drum! Drum! Drum!
The drummers must go as they come,
Down the street, down the street,
Drum-beat an' foot-beat,

Route Song of the 69th

Dhry yer eyes, Dolly;
Sure we'll be back, sweet.
Smile again, Molly.
Drum! Drum! Drum!
Drum! Drum! Drum!

CORRIGAN'S HORSE

(A WAIL FROM THE GUARDHOUSE)

I.

I 'M a livin' disghrace,
An' the throuble is rum!
To considher me case,
The Colonel has come;
The Rigiment 's riled,
An' the battery 's wild;
Ould Casy is crazy
Along av his child;
But Corrigan's hoarse,
Wid laughin' av course, —
For I ride on a gun,
Wid Lacy an' Dunn,
An' Corrigan rides on a horse.

II.

'T was Kitty's two eyes,
Like a pair av blue flowers —

An' a man av me size
Is a prize, be the powers!
I coorted her fair,
As ould Casy can swear;
Kit Casy 's a daisy, —
We made a foine pair.
Then Corrigan's horse
Made mischief av course;
For I brag av me gun,
Like Lacy an' Dunn,
And Corrigan brags of his horse.

III.

We was on the parade,
Whin the battery drilled;
I 'd me lave, an' was paid,
An' me buzzum was thrilled;
For Kitty had similed,
An' was aisy beguiled;
And Casy grew — hazy.
(The potheen was mild.)
Then Corrigan's horse
Was mintioned av course, —

Now I ride on a gun,
Wid Lacy and Dunn,
And Corrigan rides on a horse.

IV.

Wid a haughty cold shmile,
An' a toss av me chin,
"Sure," I sez, "to revile
Wan another is sin, —
'T is dhirty and base;
But — in Corrigan's case —
I 'll venture to censure
The style av his face.
He 's a jaw like his horse!"
(I was hurted av course,
For I straddle a gun,
Wid Lacy and Dunn,
An' Corrigan straddles a horse.)

V.

"I recline at me aise
On an illegant chair,

Corrigan's Horse

While the bally band plays;
Sure I 'd rather sit there,
Me helmet a-bob,
On the top of me nob,
Than thumpin' and bumpin'
On Corrigan's cob!
'T is the baste av a horse,
Like the rider av course,
An' I 'll shtick to me gun,
Wid Lacy an' Dunn;
Let Corrigan shtick to his horse."

VI.

"Come on now, — be shpry!"
(I 'd been takin' a dhrop.)
"Ye shall thry it," sez I,
"Whin the batteries stop;"
I lifted her neat,
Right off av her feet,
And sprang on the hang-on
And climbed to the seat,
Wid a slap at the horse.
(I was fooling av course!)

So we hung to the gun,
Wid Lacy an' Dunn,
An' Corrigan hung to his horse.

VII.

Then the Major howls, "Halt!"
An' I sez: "Let her go!
Faith, I'm earning me salt—"
But the Major screams, "Ho!"
"Ye 're dhrunk, ye shpalpeen!
Hey! What do ye mean?"
While Kitty — more pity —
Sang "Wearin' the Green;"
And the Major, av course,
Wid screechin' was hoarse;
So Lacy an' Dunn
Pushed us off av the gun,
An' — Corrigan grinned on his horse!

VIII.

I 'm a shameful disghrace,
An' the throuble is rum!

Corrigan's Horse

To considher me case,
The Colonel has come;
The Rigiment 's riled,
An' the battery 's wild;
Ould Casy is crazy
Along av his child;
An' Corrigan's hoarse,
Wid laughin' av course, —
The son of a gun! —
I 'll lather him one
Till he can't sit astride of his horse!

TROOPER O'TRIPP

'TWAS Trooper O'Tripp of the Seventh
Dragoons,
He went on a toot with a gun in his boot ;
His laugh was a yell, and his whisper a hoot ;
And he bragged of the cash in his pantaloons.
On a prominent corner he took his stand,
And prominent citizens hastened to scoot,
Till a girl passed by in a buck-skin suit,
And he spoke to the maid, with his cap in his hand :
"Little Buck-skin,
Little Buck-skin,
With your cunning, curly hair and your face so fair,
Little Buck-skin,
Little Buck-skin,
From your pretty little nose to your pretty little toes,
You 're a daisy !
You 're a daisy !
And
This
Here
Goes!"

Trooper O'Tripp

II.

'T was Trooper O'Tripp of the Seventh Dragoons
Who offered his arm to the innocent maid;
Her Texan sombrero was faded and frayed,
But the band on it glittered with double doubloons.
Said Trooper O'Tripp, "You are certainly nice,
And your bills, from this moment, are all of them paid!
Pray give me your tailor's address, and his price, —
I also desire to be likewise arrayed!
Little Buck-skin,
Little Buck-skin,
With your cunning curly hair and your face so fair,
Little Buck-skin,
Little Buck-skin,
From your pretty little nose to your pretty little toes,
You're a daisy!
You're a daisy!
And
This
Here
Goes!"

Trooper O'Tripp

III.

'T was Trooper O'Tripp of the Seventh Dragoons
Who caught a swift upper-cut under the chin,
And great was his tumble, and greater the din ;
And now for some moons he 's been living on prunes.
But oh the fair maid in the Mexican suit —
The girl with the curls and the ivory skin ! —
She shot off his spurs, and the heel of one boot,
Pre-emptied his pockets, and skipped with the tin.
Little Buck-skin,
Little Buck-skin,
With her cunning curly hair and her face so fair,
Little Buck-skin,
Little Buck-skin,
From her pretty little nose to her pretty little toes
She 's a daisy !
She 's a daisy !
And
This
Here
Goes !

THE DRUMMIN' DRAGOON OF SLIGO

(7TH UNITED STATES CAVALRY)

CORNELIUS MULDOON was a strapping dragoon;
He hated Fritz Klein of the Line,
Who flirted all day
With Milly Mulcahy,
Or tootled the flute,
In an imbecile way,
Till Private Muldoon, the strapping dragoon,
Went into an early decline.

"As sure as I come from Sligo,
Thot Dootchman goes or *I* go!
Ah, Milly, me jool,
The man's a fool!"
Said Milly Mulcahy, "Muldoon, kape cool;
Ye say that ye come from Sligo,—
If ye're lyin', we'll let the lie go;

The Drummin' Dragoon of Sligo

But ye 're only wan av thim bally dragoons,
And the lad I marry must play me tunes,
If he wants to go where *I* go ! ''

Said Private Muldoon, the strapping dragoon,
"Bad 'cess to that Dootchman, Klein ! —
Ah, Milly, ye flirt,
He 's doin' me dirt ;
So nivver blame me,
If there 's somebody hurt !
There 's ne'er a gossoon can jolly Muldoon,
Artillery, trooper or line.

"As sure as I come from Sligo,
Thot Dootchman goes or *I* go !
Ah, Milly, me jool,
The man 's a fool ! ''
Said Milly Mulcahy, "Muldoon, kape cool ;
Ye say that ye come from Sligo, —
If ye 're lyin', we 'll let the lie go ;
But ye 're only wan av thim bally dragoons,
And the lad I marry must play me tunes,
If he wants to go where *I* go ! ''

The Drummin' Dragoon of Sligo

Said Private Muldoon, the strapping dragoon,
"I 'll settle that Dootchman, Klein, —
I 'll strike him dumb,
Wid a tune on the drum!
Wid muscle," said he,
"Sure the music will come;
There 's ne'er a gossoon, foot, horse, or dragoon,
Can show up the muscle that 's mine!

"As sure as I come from Sligo,
That Dootchman goes or *I* go!
Ah, Milly, me jool,
The man 's a fool!"
Said Milly Mulcahy, "Muldoon, kape cool;
Ye say that ye come from Sligo, —
If ye 're lyin', we 'll let the lie go;
But sure I might marry a drummin' dragoon, —
For a tune on the drum is a restful tune.
Come on — if ye like — where I go."

So Private Muldoon, the strapping dragoon,
Forgave Fritz Klein of the Line,
Who tootles all day,
In an imbecile way,

The Drummin' Dragoon of Sligo

To an imbecile aunt
Of Milly Mulcahy;
And Private Muldoon, the strapping dragoon,
Encourages little Fritz Klein.

"As sure as I come from Sligo,
That Dootchman goes where *I* go.
Ah, Milly, me jool,
The man 's no fool!"
Says Milly Mulcahy, "Muldoon, kape cool;
Remimber ye come from Sligo, —
Remimber where you go *I* go.
Ah, who would believe that a drummin' dragoon
Could jolly a colleen by drummin' a tune?
The divil 's himself in Sligo!"

A MAN FROM NOO YORK

I.

SA-AY,
I 'm lookin' about fur a feller
In a brass-buttoned jacket, cut tight,
Which ther stripes on his pants is yeller, —
You 'll notice *my* stripes is white, —
An' his sabre 's a-bangin' an' buntin',
An' his spurs stick out on his boot,
And I 've me own reasons fur huntin'
This innercent troop-recruit.
Sa-ay, I 'm layin' fur this galoot;
So, stranger, you tell him ter scoot.
He 'd better, in case
I push in his face,
Fur this is my night to hoot!

A Man from Noo York

II.

Sa-ay,
He said thet he did n't know poker,
An' he swore that he did n't drink rum ;
Which, stranger, I 'll state I'm no soaker, —
Leastways, I 'm no all-around-bum.
An' he said that he did n't like ladies,
Yet I seen him smile twice at my Anne ;
He was young — so he said — and afraid his
Simplicity shocked me ! — Oh, damn !
And he feared some nefarious man
Might play him a game of flim-flam,
If he pushed the door,
An' walked on the floor,
Where the wicked men rush the can.

III.

Sa-ay,
I thought he was ripe fur the pickin', —
This yeller-striped trooper recruit, —
I 'm infantry, an' I ain't kickin',
Nor stuck on no cavalry coot ;
Which ther stripes on his breeches they tired me,
So I jollied him inter McGlone's,

A Man from Noo York

Where we drank till the barkeeper fired me,
An' I steered the young man to Mahone's.
'T was there that I won all his bones,
A ring with three counterfeit stones,
His spurs an' his watch, —
A-drinkin' hot-scotch
An' a-throwin' cold-decks at Mahone's.

IV.

Sa-a-ay,
I 'm huntin' around fur a feller —
Gawd nose I 'm in debt to him yet,
Which his pipin's and facin's is yeller, —
H'ain't seed him? No? Waal, I must get, —
Fur I owe him my ramrod an' buckles,
An' he 'll get 'em — right here — in the neck.
Oh, am I a baby what suckles
On knock-out drops? Whew! I 'm a wreck!
Ya-as, th' Sassenach sized me up,
He pizened the Scotch in my cup;
And there I lay,
Till the light o' day —
An' he 's got my watch! — the pup!

A Man from Noo York

Envoi

May I never take bite nor sup,
But I swear that I 'll foller him up !
He 's the legs of a stork,
And he comes from Noo York ;
An' the greaser put dope in my cup !
Which I'll settle with James Mulchay —
You knew him ? — He 's run away ? —
With *Mary Anne Burke !*
The murderin' Turk ! —
She 's my wife ! Oh, the devil 's to pay !

ROSIE GREY

I.

ROSIE GREY, Rosie Grey,
She 's the sweetest girl in town ;
She 'll be here at break of day,
In her dainty summer gown,
Where I 'm tramping up and down,
Up and down,
Up and down,
With my rifle on my shoulder,
And my helmet on my head ;
I 'll be waiting, as I told her,
When the sun is rising red ;
For she 's all the world to me,
And together we 'll face fate,
Though I 'm only a poor soldier
At the York Street Gate.

Rosie Grey

Down,
Down,
Down in Brooklyn town !
Oh, it 's hard a-mounting guard
In the Brooklyn Navy Yard ;
Soldier lads must learn to wait,
But she 's coming, sure as fate,
And I 'll meet my little sweetheart
At the York Street Gate.

II.

Rosie Grey, Rosie Grey,
She 's my world, and all in all ;
She 'll be coming with the day,
When the mellow bugle calls,
Echoing from walk to wall,
Rise and fall,
Rise and fall,
Over barrack, dock, and basin, —
Then my little maid will come,
Then my little maid will hasten,
When she hears the morning drum ;
For she 's all the world to me,
And together we 'll face fate,

Rosie Grey

Though I 'm only a poor soldier
At the York Street Gate.

Down,
Down,
Down in Brooklyn town!
Oh, it 's hard a-mounting guard
In the Brooklyn Navy Yard;
Soldier lads must learn to wait;
But she 's coming, sure as fate,
So I 'll meet my little sweetheart
At the York Street Gate.

THE TEXAS RANGERS

(A YAWP)

I.

HEY!
Hev ye heard about our Rangers,
Right down thar in sunny Texas,
Where the cork-screw cyclones rattle,
Where the dry-rot kills the cattle,
Where the death-rate rattles strangers?
No?
Wa-al!

Say!
We do hev cyclones what wrecks us,
Death an' sich details to vex us,
Right down thar in j'yful Texas;
But them 's nawthin' to the dangers
Strangers run from Texas Rangers.
Whoo-op!

The Texas Rangers

The Rangers!
The Rangers!
They 're so perlite to strangers
  What lifts our Texas steers;
They up an' mount an' foll'y them,
An' corral them, an' jolly them, —
  (Ye 'd larf to bust yer ears!)
Fur the beers is on the strangers,
And the strangers, on the biers:
    See?
    Sho!

II.

Hey!
Hev ye heard about our Rangers,
Right down thar in smilin' Texas,
Whar the Greaser packs his face-cards,
Whar the steerer stacks his ace-cards,
On the onsuspectin' grangers?
    No?
    Wa-al!

Say!
Pizen Greasers, they infects us,
Nary steerer what neglects us,

The Texas Rangers

Right down thar in cosey Texas;
They miscalculate the dangers
Strangers run from Texan Rangers.
Whoo-op!

The Rangers!
The Rangers!
They 're so perlite to strangers
What runs a crooked game!
They up an' mount an' foll'y them,
An' round them up, an' jolly them, —
(Ye 'd larf to see the same!)
Fur the game it jumps the strangers,
When the Rangers jumps the game.
See?
Sho!

III.

Hey!
Hev ye heard about our Rangers,
Right down thar in lovely Texas,
Whar they rob the banks so gayly,
Whar the trains is held up daily,

The Widow's Lament

Ye 're drinkin' too stiddy,
Ye 're gettin' too giddy,
If ever I hear of ye sparkin' a biddy,
I 'll larn ye to blarney Kate Kearny, the widdy ; —
Bhoo-oo !
Come back to me, Pat !
Machree !

II.

Phwat 's the whole Foort to me,
Now that he 's gone, avick ?
Shall he make spoort av me ?
Sure he paid coort to me,
Laughin' so breezy an'
Chaffin' so easy, an'
Promised to marry and move to Wilksbarry,
Where any lady can open a bar.
Troth, I believed in him ;
Where is the lad to-night ?
Am I deceived in him ?
Oh, he don't treat me right !
Farrely ! Farrely ! Where are ye at,
Leavin' me worritin' here wid me cat ?

The Widow's Lament

Boo-oo-hoo!
Patrick Farrely,
Patrick Farrely,
Where are ye roamin' to now,
Machree?
Ye 're dhrinkin' too stiddy,
Ye 're gettin' too giddy,
If I ever hear av ye sparkin' a biddy,
I 'll learn ye to blarney Kate Kearny, the widdy;
Bhoo-oo!
Come back to me, Pat!
Machree!

DRUM-MAJOR O'BRIEN

I.

WHEN sunny meads are shimmering,
When sunny skies are glimmering,
And dainty blossoms deck the land,
The little children, far and near,
Come trooping to the Fort to hear
The Thirty-second's Band.
And all the toddling tots rejoice
To hear the Colonel's awesome voice:
"Mar-r-rch!
Rights forward, forward right!"—
Believe me, 't is a gorgeous sight,
Silver bugles all a-glow,
All the drummers in a row;
But when the leader wheels about,
With one accord the children shout:

Drum-Major O'Brien

"Drum-Major O'Brien!
Drum-Major O'Brien!
Oh, is n't he grand, a-leading the band;
He 's brave as a lion,
Drum-Major O'Brien!
Oh, see how he juggles the stick in his hand!
If ever we grow, — and we 're all of us tryin', —
May God make us grow like Drum-Major O'Brien!"

II.

When twilight falls on gate and wall,
And day has died at bugle-call,
And stars are shining calm and clear,
Within the lighted mess-room hall
The ladies gather for the ball,
Each with her cavalier;
And all the dainty dames rejoice
To hear the Colonel's prompting voice:
"Now!
Sides forward, — forward side!" —
To know the lancers is his pride;
Pretty maidens all a-glow,
Smart Lieutenants in a row,

Drum-Major O'Brien

Cavort, while buxom widows sigh
To catch the big Drum-Major's eye:

"Drum-Major O'Brien!
Drum-Major O'Brien!
Oh, is n't he grand, a-leading the band;
He 's as brave as a lion,
Drum-Major O'Brien.
Oh, see how he wiggles the wand in his hand!
If ever we wed, — and we 're all of us tryin', —
God send us a man like Drum-Major O'Brien!"

JESSIE GERRISH

I.

WILLY FOLEY wore a sabre,
Buttons, spurs, and filagree,
Boots that came below the knee;
Willy Foley was my neighbor,
Loving him I found no labor,
So I did to him, you see,
What I 'd have him do to me.

Oh, alack! and oh, alack!
Willy Foley, Willy Foley,
What he stole he
Ne'er gave back!

II.

Willy Foley swore to cherish,
Love, and honor me alway,
Him, to honor and obey,

Jessie Gerrish

Till the sun and stars shall perish,
Was the vow of Jessie Gerrish.
Now he 's gone, alack-a-day !
Leaving me to weep and pray.

Oh, alack! and oh, alack!
Willy Foley, Willy Foley,
What he stole he
Ne'er gave back !

MRS. NORA McALARNY

(VOLUNTEER NURSE)

I.

SHE 's silent and gray and nearly blind;
The firelight shines on her thread-bare clothes;
Her shadow shakes on the wall behind,
And the hearth shows red where the drift-wood glows.

Gently her second childhood comes,
Touching her heart with its after-glow;
And her ears are filled with the hum of drums,
Beating the roll of years ago;
And her blind eyes smile at a marching throng,
Shadows of ghosts that sweep along;
And her deaf ears ring with the bugle's song:
"Nora,
Nora,

Mrs. Nora McAlarny

Sweet little innocent,
Are ye content
Wid th' ould Rigiment?
Luck to ye, lass!
Welcome, an' pass!
Glory to God, may we all have a chance
For a seat wid ye, sweet, in yer neat ambulance!"

II.

The sea-wind rattles the weather-vane;
The ashes drift on the gusty floor;
She hears a voice from the rain-lashed plain;
She sees a shape at the shaking door.

Gently she steps to welcome him,
Back from the smoke of the battle years;
But the swift tears blind, and her eyes grow dim,
And the voice has died in her ears.
But, still through the mist of a haunting fear,
Shadowy legions pass and cheer,
And the song of the bugles ripples clear:
"Nora,
Nora,

Mrs. Nora McAlarny

Sweet little innocent,
Are ye content
Wid th' ould Rigiment?
Luck to ye, lass!
Welcome, an' pass!
Glory to God, may we all have a chance
For a seat wid ye, sweet, in yer neat ambulance!"

THE VISIT TO WEST POINT

I.

SOUND the French horn, McGlone !
Jock Davis, blow your fife,
While Vogel thumps the life
Out of the bass, bass drum !

Let the loud cymbals ching !
Triangles ting-a-ling !
Trumpets and hautbois ring, —
Toot ! toot like anything,
The Congressmen have come!

II.

Fire fire-crackers, McBride !
Let cannon roar and crash,
Let the bright bonfire flash,
And ring the bells beside !

The Visit to West Point

Sing, children, sing with me,
Warble entrancingly,
"My Country, 't is of Thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty," —
That anthem cut and dried.

III.

(Thirty-one ruffles on the drums.)

IV.

With whiskers weird,
With tufted beard,
The Congressmen appear, —
The woolly, woolly gentlemen!
The bully, bully gentlemen!
Some collarless,
Some dollarless,
Some much the worse for beer, —
(Of course, when we elected them,
We never quite expected them
To come the worse for beer);
But that 's neither there nor here.

Then laud each beard,
Each whisker weird;
No soldier here shall jeer
The woolly, woolly gentlemen,
The bully, bully gentlemen;
So bid the band
Play on the stand,
And wave your flags and cheer;
Our Congressmen are here!
(O Gawd!)
Our Congressmen are here!

v.

Trooper and Gray Cadet,
These are men whose vote
Pays for your belt and coat,
Shako and bayonet.

These are the men who know
How to wield rake and hoe,
How the shy turnips grow,
Where little pea-pods blow,
Parsley and mignonette.

VI.

These are the men who make
    Recommendations,
    Appropriations,
Cheer them, — for Heaven's sake!

Cheer for your Congressmen,
Ranchmen and dairymen,
Fresh from the cattle-pen,
Haymaking gentlemen,
Knights of the wooden rake!

VII.

(Sixty-two ruffles on the drums.)

VIII.

Blow the French horn, McGlone!
Jock Davis, toot your fife,
While Vogel bangs the life
Out of the bass, bass drum!

Let the loud cymbals ching!
Triangles ting-a-ling!

Trumpets and hautbois ring, —
Play! play like anything!
Our Congressmen have come!

IX.

Light fire-crackers, McBride!
Let cannon boom and crash,
Let the red bonfire flash,
And jerk the bells beside!

Sing, children, sing with me,
Tune up entrancingly,
"My Country, 't is by Thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty,
By Thee we 're guyed!"

MOLLY MULQUEEN

"OH, Mary Mulqueen,
Now what do ye mean,
Now what do ye mean, aroon?
Why don't ye smile?
Ye trate me vile!"
Sez Mary Mulqueen, "Ye ain't me style, —
I 'm in love wid a bould dragoon.
I 'm in love with a bould dragoon, me lad;
No infantry man for me.
An' married we 'll be whin the moon, me lad,
Is fuller than e'er ye be.
Oh, Cassidy,
My Cassidy,
He bugles for Troop B.
Whin Cassidy rides wid his squadron,
He is the man for me!"

"Oh, Mary Mulqueen,
The meadows is green,

Molly Mulqueen

The sky is blue as yer eyes;
Ye're white as chalk;
Ye nade the walk."
Sez Mary Mulqueen, "Now stop yer talk,
I 'm on to you battery b'ys.
I 'm on to the battery doods, me lad;
No battery dood for me.
A dashing dragoon I 'll marry, me lad,
The trumpeter in Troop B.
'T is Cassidy,
My Cassidy,
He bugles in Troop B.
Whin Cassidy rides wid his squadron,
He is the man for me!"

"Oh, Mary Mulqueen,
The tears I 've seen
A-glint in yer sweet blue eyes;
Yer cheeks is frail,
Yer face is pale."
Sez Mary Mulqueen, "Now I 'll go bail,
Ye think I swally such lies!
Ye 're thinkin' I swally yer lies, me lad,
Me jool av a small marine;

Molly Mulqueen

Go jolly a girl av yer size, me lad;
Ye can't fool Molly Mulqueen;
For Cassidy,
My Cassidy,
Still bugles in Troop B.
Whin Cassidy rides wid his squadron,
He is the man for me!"

"Oh, Mary Mulqueen,
Ye 're sweet sixteen,
Yer neck is white as the snow,
Come ship wid me;
We 'll sail life's sea —"
Sez Mary Mulqueen, "Now lave me be,
For I 'm weak wid me weight of woe.
Ah! me sorrow is mortal keen, me lad,
An' the ships that put to sea
Must sail without Molly Mulqueen, me lad,
For her heart 's at 'Wounded Knee,'
Where Cassidy,
My Cassidy,
Lies low upon the lea,
And he 'll ride no more with his squadron;
What is the world to me!"

TO THE ADMIRAL

I.

SHALL a high monument,
Raised to the firmament,
'Blazon his testament?
Let the last fragment
Of his own armament
Tower as a monument
To the Great Admiral,
Bearing his testament
Over the blue.

II.

There where the "Hartford" lay,
Riding at anchor,
Stood I at close of day.
Down from the fortress wall,
Over the bay,
Floated a bugle call,
Dying away,

Echoing mockingly.
Gayly it seemed to say:
"See the great ship decay,
Riding at anchor,
Here in our bay!"

III.

Woe to the ship of oak!
'T was not the bugle's lips,
But my own heart, that spoke.

IV.

Tossing, the great ship lay,
Riding at anchor.
Then, as I turned away,
Out of her battered guns,
Dripping with spray,
Softly a murmur comes:
"I, in my day,
Spoke for Humanity,
Thundered at slavery,—
Peace! Let me stay
Anchored forever
Here in your bay."

v.

Peace to the ship of oak!
'T was not the cannon's lips,
But my own soul, that spoke.

vi.

Swift the white sea fog blew,
Wrapping her rigging, —
Vague phantom mists that flew
"Homeward-bound pennants" there
For a dead crew.
Now let our Land prepare
Pennants anew!
Give us our ship again!
Run up the flag she flew!
Cheer for the Admiral,
Farragut, stanch and true, —
Cheer for the "Hartford!"
Cheer for the crew!

vii.

Shall a high monument,
Raised to the firmament,

To the Admiral

'Blazon his testament?
Let the last fragment
Of his own armament
Tower as a monument
To the Great Admiral,
Bearing his testament
Over the blue.

IF THERE EVER COMES A DAY

(TO RUDYARD KIPLING)

I.

YOU 're a-scrappin' ev'ry minnit,
Tommy A.
An' you look on this here earth,
An' the people what is in it,
As your legacy from birth,
Tommy A.
You 've a damn unpleasant fashion,
When your bloody bugles play,
Of a-boundin' in a passion,
An' demandin' right of way ; —
With your helmet on your head,
An' your tunic all of red,
An' your bloody bugles playin'
All the way from Mandalay to Bombay ;
But —
Go it ! all the same,
Tommy A.,
Tommy A.,
For we 're partial to your name,
Tommy A.

If there ever comes a Day

Half a million Boys in Blue
Drink a health, you brute, to you,
An' they 'll cheer you from Bombay to Mandalay,
Tommy A.
Half a million Boys in Blue
Have a sneakin' love for you,
An' perhaps they 'll prove it too,
If there ever comes a day
When a brother need a brother for to help him on his way,
Anywhere this side of hell and Mandalay,
Tommy A.

II.

You 're a ass, — if we may state it, —
Tommy A.,
An' we like you all the same;
But, as much as you may hate it,
Something must be done to tame,
Tommy A.,
Tommy A.,
Your unpleasant British fashion,
When your bloody bugles play,

If there ever comes a Day

Of a-boundin' in a passion,
An' demandin' right of way; —
With your helmet on your head,
An' your tunic all of red,
An' your bloody bugles playin'
All the way from Mandalay to Bombay;
But —
Go it! all the same,
Tommy A.,
Tommy A.,
For we 're partial to your name,
Tommy A.
Half a million Boys in Blue
Drink a health, you brute, to you,
An' they 'll cheer you from Bombay to Mandalay,
Tommy A.
Half a million Boys in Blue
Have a sneakin' love for you,
An' perhaps they 'll prove it too,
If there ever comes a day
When a brother needs a brother for to help him on his way,
Anywhere betwixt Quebec and Mandalay,
Tommy A.

III.

Don't you know that blood is thicker,
Tommy A.,
Than the rily river Thames?
You should learn your lesson quicker;
Pearls of speech is priceless gems,
Tommy A.,
Tommy A.
Quit that damn unpleasant fashion,
When your bloody bugles play,
Of a-boundin' in a passion,
An' demandin' right of way;—
With your helmet on your head,
An' your tunic all of red,
An' your bloody bugles playin'
All the way from Mandalay to Bombay;
But—
Go it! all the same,
Tommy A.,
Tommy A.,
For we 're partial to your name,
Tommy A.
Half a million Boys in Blue
Drink a health, you brute, to you,

An' they 'll cheer you from Bombay to Mandalay,
Tommy A.
Half a million Boys in Blue
Have a sneakin' love for you,
An' perhaps they 'll prove it too,
If there ever comes a day
When a brother needs a brother for to help him on his way,
Anywhere betwixt Japan and Mandalay,
Tommy A.

IV.

May that blessed day come early,
Tommy A.,
When the British nation learns
That it 's silly to be surly.
Not a Boy in Blue but yearns,
Tommy A.,
Tommy A.,
For the good old family fashion,—
Arm in arm, for all and aye;
And if *others* want a thrashin',
Why we 'd never say 'em nay; —
With our helmets on our head,

If there ever comes a Day

An' our tunics, blue or red,
An' our jolly bugles playin'
All the way from New York bay to Bombay! —
So —
Go it! you are game,
Tommy A.,
Tommy A.,
For our pride is in your fame,
Tommy A.
Half a million Boys in Blue
Drink a health, my lad, to you,
An' they 'll cheer you from Bombay to Mandalay,
Tommy A.
Half a million Boys in Blue
Stand to back you through and through,
An' perhaps they 'll prove it too,
If there ever comes a day
When a brother needs a brother for to help him on his way,
Anywhere betwixt Berlin an' Mandalay,
Tommy A.

Part Second

Part Second

SPRINGTIDE

(A QUESTION)

I.

TESSIE, when the shadows fall
Over meadows dim and sweet,
Where the little night birds meet
Each to sing its madrigal,
Why should you come sighing?
Little maiden, it is spring,
Why should you come sighing?

II.

Katydids are chorusing,
Each to each its song of spring,
Where the shallow waters curve,
Scented sedges sway and swerve;
Little maiden, it is spring!

Springtide

Downy moths are fingering
Thistle-down and dandelion,
Tender vine and columbine,
Little maiden lingering —
Little maiden, it is spring !

III.

Tessie, when the first faint light
Falls on meadows sweet with spring,
And the skylark's carolling
Drowns the murmurs of the night,
Why should you come sighing ?
Little maiden, it is spring ;
Why should you come sighing ?

SPRINGTIDE

(AN ANSWER)

I.

THE rose-flush fades on the hill,
The swallows have drifted away,
The meadow lies dim and still
Under its veil of gray.

Little white moth, on the clover a-hover,
(Lovers may go and lovers may stay,)
Fly to the lamp of my lover!
(Love shall remain alway.)

Snow-white twilight moth, a-hover
Over scented closing clover,
Can your honeyed tongue discover
How to make a blossom, sealed,
Yield the fragrance of her field?
Teach the secret to my lover,
For I fain would yield.

Springtide

II.

The moon has gilded the hill;
The throstles are singing of May;
The river runs dark and still
Under its veil of gray.

Little white moth, on the clover a-hover,
(Lovers may go and lovers may stay,)
Fly to the lamp of my lover!
(Love shall remain alway.)

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MARDI GRAS

He

I DON'T see why you should refuse
To raise your mask, — no one will see
But me, for Tout le monde s'amuse.

She (Laughing)
Pardi —

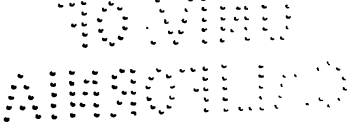
He

Mais oui, each one is occupied,
And underneath your silken hood
They could not see you if they tried.

She (Teasing)
They could.

He (Persuadingly)

Be good; I 'll only take one peep : —
L'amour est enfant de Bohême —
You know my love is oceans deep —



Mardi Gras

She

For shame!

He (Reckless)

My flame is fanned by those bright eyes
That sparkle from your velvet mask;
Oh, cast aside your silk disguise!

She (Tenderly)

Unmask?

He (Humbly)

I ask, oh, sweet unknown, I pray, —
Oh, pity me in my despair!
Why won't you let me have my way?

She (Shyly)

Well — there!

He (Enraptured)

Oh, sweet, oh, fairest one, I may not choose
But lay my heart before your dainty shoes!

LE QUARTIER LATIN

A NIGHT in June, a great round moon,
And you on my arm, fair Gabrielle,
Humming a rune, a lively tune,
Which Offenbach wrote, "The March to Hell;"
And the Boulevard shines in the gaslights' glare,
And the students are chanting that anthem rare:
"Le Bon Dieu dit à Saint Crépin" —
But never you mind; — you know it? Hein!
I'm shocked; but you blush and you laugh,
"Chouette!
Viens! allons nous souper au Café Vachette!"

The night is done. The day 's begun.
The drums in the barracks beat tam! tam-*tam!*
I see the sunbeams, one by one,
Creep over the towers of Notre Dame.
And the Boulevard shines in the morning light;
The students are scrapping with main and might;

The "sergots" slouch by the old Vachette;
And the tramps on the benches get up and get:
So I kiss your hand, and I sigh, "Farewell,
Bonne nuit, ma chère petite Gabrielle!"

PIERROT

DOOMED to suffer hopeless pangs,
Born to sigh and spoon,
Softly his guitar he twangs,
Love-sick for the moon.
Sang Pierrette in gay refrain :
"Morn, and night, and noon,
Pierrot, you must love in vain!"
Sang Pierrette, in gay refrain :
"Aimons vite,
Pensons vite;
Tout invite
À vivre vite.
Aimons vite,
Pensons vite,
Au galop
Monde falot!"

Pierrot

"You shall burn with fiercer fire
When the sun of noon
Kindles your perverse desire
For the hidden moon."
Sang Pierrette, in gay refrain:
"Must you go so soon?
Stay, Pierrot! Turn again!"
Sang Pierrette, in gay refrain:
"Aimons vite,
Pensons vite;
Tout invite
À vivre vite.
Aimons vite,
Pensons vite,
Au galop
Monde falot!"

Pierrot, can't you see the point?
Laugh! — you love-lorn loon!
All the world is out of joint,
Jumping for the moon!
Sing! Pierrette, your gay refrain!
Pierrot 's coming soon;

He 'll return to you again.
Sing! Pierrette, your gay refrain :

" Aimons vite,
Pensons vite ;
Tout invite
À vivre vite,
Aimons vite,
Pensons vite,
Au galop
Monde falot ! "

GOOD SIR GUY

I.

ON the dusty highway riding,
Good Sir Guy, in armor bright,
Taxed his meagre brain, deciding,
As became a Christian knight,
Whether he'd go straight to Glory,
Skipping Hell and Purgatory.

II.

"If," he mused, "that fool, de Slashem,
Whom I settled June the third,
Passed his checks to where they cash 'em, —
And I have the bishop's word, —
Then, as far as I discern, he
Made a devilish fast journey!

III.

"Let me see, to-day is Monday,
June eleventh — I 'll be blowed !
Then a week ago last Sunday
He set out for 'La terre chaude' !"
This is French. He learned it, maybe,
From his nurse, when quite a baby.

IV.

"If de Slashem twangs with pious
Meekness on a harp of gold
In the sky, perhaps he 'll spy us
Mortals here on earth !" The bold
Guy de Mashem hurled invective
At Sir Slashem in perspective.

V.

"I have scored my hundredth battle !
Slashem's score was sixty-three !
Heathen, I have slain like cattle,
Kicked and punched them piously,—
Which, and godly men have said it,
Is immensely to my credit.

VI.

"I have led, as I remember,
A most meek and righteous life —
Save, perhaps, when, last September,
I abducted Slashem's wife;
But she lived in pious fervor,
And he didn't half deserve her.

VII.

"When de Slashem would arrest me, —
I forget the charge he made, —
I, when Father Mole confessed me,
Fled to join the third crusade;
Fled to fight for Holy Mother
Church, or some such cause or other.

VIII.

"True, I slit de Slashem's wizzend, —
For he nursed a silly whim
That I ought to be imprisoned,
So I made a hash of him;
But the bishop, at confession,
Pardoned me this slight transgression."

Good Sir Guy

IX.

So along the highway riding,
  Good Sir Guy, in armor bright,
Sanctified with faith abiding,
  Praying, trusting in the right,
    Felt at heart he 'd live in Glory,
    Not in Hell or Purgatory.

THE WORM TURNS

I.

WHILE I 'm tugging my mustache,
Leaning on the window-sash,
In the garden, you, below,
Decked in ribbon, lace, and bow,
Promenade, — six men in tow.

II.

Men who hang upon your lips,
Bend above your finger-tips ;
Each his humble tribute pays,
Lifts to you his ardent gaze,
Turning your small head with praise.

III.

You are pleased to treat with scorn
Men, as though beneath you born.

The Worm Turns

You believe it when we say :
" Man is born but to obey!
You are made of finer clay."

IV.

" Man is built from common dirt,
Scarcely fit to touch your skirt!
Woman is his better half,
Better angel! — queen! — his staff!" —
Pray excuse me while I laugh.

V.

If we call you " angel," " queen,"
Take it simply that we mean
WE are KINGS! Oh, don't you know,
You're not really angels though,
Till Saint Peter tells you so?

AT THE MASKED BALL

SILENT and swift as a ghost you glide ;
I, and your shadow, across the hall, —
One behind, the other beside, —
Follow you out of the ball.

I.

Only a bud from your white bouquet, —
Only a blossom is all I ask ;
Nay, but I dare not hope or pray
For a glance from your slitted mask.

Silent and swift as a ghost you glide ;
I, and your shadow, across the hall, —
One behind, the other beside, —
Follow you out of the ball.

At the Masked Ball

II.

What is the rest of the world to me?
Here in these corridors, dim and high,
We are alone at last! — we three, —
Your shadow and you and I.

Silent and swift as a ghost you glide;
I, and your shadow, across the hall, —
One behind, the other beside, —
Follow you out of the ball.

III.

Turn! — for I know you through all these years, —
Loosen your domino's silken mask!
Ended at last are fears and tears,
And the curse of our earth-born task.

Silent and swift as a ghost you glide;
I, and your shadow, across the hall, —
One behind, the other beside, —
Follow you out of the ball.

At the Masked Ball

IV.

Turn ! — you are slipping away from me ! —
Out of my arms, — through the candles' flare —
God's will be done ! — I 've slept, I see,
And yet, — your shadow is there.

Silent and swift as a ghost you glide ;
I, and your shadow, across the world, —
One behind, the other beside,
Till the judgment scroll be furled.

AN UNFINISHED OPERA

SCENE: *A Park in Paris. A bench, opposite corners of which are occupied by* HE *and* SHE.

OVERTURE

She (Eying him askance)

HIS hat, his tie, his coat of doubtful hue, —
Here stained with chrome, there smeared and daubed with blue, —
His pale enraptured face, his earnest brow,
Stamp him an artist, — oh ! he 's looking now !

He (Eying her doubtfully)

It 's English, — no, — I 'll bet with any man
That scheme of color is American.
Its torse is out of drawing, pinched and weak ; —
Ensemble 's fair, — not bad, — h'm ! Rather chic.

An Unfinished Opera

RECITATIVE

She (Glancing at him)

He stares at space; perhaps his busy brain
Gives birth to pictures all the world will claim
In years to come, when nations praise his name.
Perchance he dreams of glory, fame, or love —
(His hair is just the color of my glove.)

He (Smoking gloomily)

The same old story, hang that smirking Jones!
He paints *his* flesh without a thought of bones;
He uses bitumen to get his tones.
He wriggles in, I never do with *mine;*
But every salon sees *him* on the line!

ARIA

She (Watching him)

His fragrant pipe breathes forth a magic haze,
Through which he sees a world of former days,
Where slanting sunbeams fall on shields of gold,
On lance and plume and gorgeous banners' fold,
On moat and keep and crumbling turrets old.

An Unfinished Opera

He (Muttering)

By Jove ! but this tobacco 's simply rank !
I wonder when I 'll get my frame from Blanc.
I hope Mose Cohen buys that daub of mine, —
The thieving Hebrew with his oily whine :
" Vat ? Fifteen francs ? Doo much ! I geefe you
nine."

CONCERTED PIECE

She (Tenderly)

He 's thin and pale ; for Art he lives — and dies.

He (Uneasily)

I 'll never dine again on rabbit pies !

She (Going)

No fleshly things his eyes enraptured see.

He (Complacently)

I wonder if that girl is mashing me !

(The curtain need not fall.)

EGYPTIAN LOVE-SONG

I.

ON minaret and mosque the moonlight glows,
My Soul!
Beneath the stars the singing river flows,
My Soul!
Yet the moon shall fail,
And the stars shall pale,
When thine eyes to the skies unclose.

On sandal-screens the scented roses close,
My Soul!
And chaliced lilies fold each snowy stole,
And the nightingale
Shall wail from the vale,
When thy lips to the night unclose.
'T is an hour ere the red-cock crows,
My Soul!
Wake! for the hours are flying;
Wake! for thy lover 's sighing,
Wake!

Egyptian Love-Song

II.

The scented breeze shall breathe my love for thee,
My Sweet!
For me shall plead each vine and leaf and tree,
My Sweet!
And the sands shall sing,
And the round world ring,
With my love and thy love for me!

Heart of my heart, the tinted shadows flee!
My Sweet!
Light of my tent! be swift thy little feet;
From thy warm couch spring,
To my sword-arm cling
With the strength of thy love for me!
Then away to the desert free,
My Sweet!
Haste! 'T is the Muezzin crying!
Haste! For the night is dying!
Haste!

Part Third

Shadows

"YOU will hardly know who I am, or what I mean;
But I shall be good health to you, nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

"Failing to fetch me at first, keep encouraged;
Missing me in one place, search another;
I stop somewhere, waiting for you."

WALT WHITMAN.

PEACE

I PEERED from the battlements, and far in the East I saw Death riding on the horizon. And his shadow shrouded the West. Eastward the lances and the long spears slanted, and I heard the stiff gold banners scraping on shields of steel.

Death in the East, and the host below, and I on the battlements heard the flow of the sea of steel and gold.

Then I peered from the battlements, and far in the West I saw Death riding on the horizon. And his shadow shrouded the East.

OUR SOULS

WE passed into the forest, dim, vast, vague with the swaying mystery of mist and shadow; and I heard her whisper, "Dream no more."

I touched her lids, low, drooping: "Dream! dream! for Faith is dead," I said.

Then a blue star flashed in the mist, and I saw it rested on the crest of one who rode in gilded mail, with vizor locked and heavy spurs agleam. And I whispered, "Dream no more," touching her lids, low, drooping; but she sighed, "Dream, dream, for Faith is dead."

And we passed into the mystery of mist and shadow where the dim forest, vast and vague, swayed, whispering, "Dream, dream," and "Dream no more."

COURAGE

AS Death and I stood whispering in the house,
Love came with a crystal cup.

"Drink!" said Love, "there is life in the cup!"
And I drank long life to Death.
"Drink!" said Love. And Death drank life to Love.

Then I heard the crash of the crystal cup as Death and I stood whispering in the house.

THE ROOM

ACROSS dim walls, dull in the red embers' glare, gigantic shadows moved.

The little flames gossiped of Love; but I heard Death stir behind the curtains. The little flames gossiped of Love; and when I called to Death, Love laughed among the shadows moving in the room.

"Stay!" I cried; but Death passed out where Love had come unbidden. And I saw Love playing with the little flames that gossiped, where across dim walls, dull in the red embers' glare, gigantic shadows moved.

HELL

LOVE laughed to see her kneel amid the flames, pale as the pale rose at her breast.

"Kneel," she whispered; but I dared not kneel there where the pale flames, sighing, bathed her breast.

"Kneel," she sighed, pale as the pale rose at her breast; but I dared not, for I heard Love laughing.

THE FOOL

THE Fool smiled in his sleep.

Death hurried from cloud to cloud while the white lightning lashed the sky; and I heard Death fiercely weeping as he stooped above the house.

"Wait!" I cried, while the white lightning lashed the sky; but Death passed by.

"Wait!" I cried again, as Death hurried from cloud to cloud; and I heard Death fiercely weeping while the Fool smiled in his sleep.

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